

LOWELL OFFERING.

APRIL, 1845.

PAINTING AND SCULPTURE.

AN ITALIAN TALE.

It was evening in Italy; and, over land and sea was flung that robe of softened brilliance which other suns may imitate, but can never excel. In the western sky was a clear depth of green, of the yellowish hue of Spring's tenderest buds; and, scattered over the bright expanse, were clouds of every tint, and of the richest dyes. The waves of the sea rose gently, with its undulating swell, and caught from above the mantle of light which, in its reception, impoverished not the giver.

There were busy scenes, and mirthful groups, even at that sunset hour, in many places of that fair land, but, in a humble cot, afar from any friend, sat one in solitude.

It was an emaciated figure which reclined towards the little lattice, and the countenance of the man was thin and haggard. But the large brilliant eyes were filled with intense expression, and their beauty was as if the glories of all that scene were concentrated in the impassioned orbs. No marvel were it that the dying painter looked abroad for beauty and delight, for his dwelling-place was mean and destitute. There was no soft couch, no rich tablet, no vases, no statues, and but one painting. But that one—oh, it might proudly have graced the gallery of an emperor, and should have made the fame of its artist. It represented a solitary grave overhung by drooping willows, through which the moonbeams struggled, and fell in flecks of sparkling light upon the darkened sod. A bending figure, with his face veiled in a mantle of coarse black serge, was dimly visible, and one arm was thrown sadly over the shoulders of a lovely boy. The countenance of the child was very beautiful, as he raised it towards the mantled face of his father, and met an unbroken stream of purest moonlight. But the genius of the painter was most powerfully displayed in the sky above. It was darkness, rendered visible by an opening through murky clouds into a vista of purest brilliance. Within this light was delineated most perfectly, though with unsurpassed delicacy, an aerial figure who looked down with her soft bright eyes upon the grave and mourners. In

her countenance was vividly depicted a sense of their sorrow which she might not alleviate, but no sadness of its own. It was wonderfully executed, that reflection of their suffering on the face of her who could know no more sorrow; her sense of their grief, their desolation, with not one muscle distorted by a pang of her own. It was like unto the shadow visible in the depths of bright waters, so entirely of it, and in it, yet making of it no inherent part.

Had an intruder unrolled the many huge scrolls of canvass which filled an ante-room, he would have seen, in almost every one, whatever might be its other components, a female figure of the same slight proportions, though in various attitudes, and with the same delicately traced features, whatever might be the expression they wore.

But none of them were completed—not even that last and best, still damp with the late touches of the dying man, but which seemed to be to him suggestive always of something better which was still to be done. And this was why the painter sat destitute and forsaken, with all his bright visions passing before him into the land of shadows.

He started; for a quick light footfall was heard upon the sward, and the next instant his son was beside him.

"I have been waiting long," said the father. "Is the artists' fete but just over, and who was the successful competitor?"

"I did not know that I had lingered so long," replied the boy, "until I saw that the sun was nearly down. The fete commenced at sunrise, and was over ere it reached its meridian. Then all scattered into pleasant groups, to spend the day as they might like, and I went to the studio of Montinello."

The brow of the painter grew dark, as the last words fell upon his ear, and a convulsive thrill passed through his frame. And why? Montinello was a sculptor, and the painter felt towards him that jealous rivalry which is often created in a sensitive mind by the successful efforts of a kindred mind, and which had been deepened in him by— But we will let him tell his own story, prefacing it, however, with a date for the satisfaction of our readers.

It was at that time when Art seemed dying, but was not dead in Italy; when the glories of the old masters rested, like an arch of light, upon their country's sky, but when it was not doubled by a bow of hope; when there were no master spirits in the age; but those, who felt most within them the stirrings of genius, looked back upon the past with pride, and forward to the future with fear and despondency; when there was naught in the present upon which their thoughts might rest with satisfaction; and they drew nearer to each other with a sense of their own impotence, which led them to seek strength in union.

There had been Olympiads in ancient Greece; and later there had been tests of genius—trials of the poet, painter, and sculptor in Corinth; and it was but natural that these should suggest the festival which was now held every fifth year; which was too exclusive to be national, and is not therefore historical; but which had, nevertheless, its influence upon the age. At none of the last festivals had a poet been crowned, and painting and sculpture appeared to divide very equally the honors of the competitors, and the interest of the people between them.

Where there was no commanding genius, it was but natural there should be much petty rivalry, and bitter were often the contests between the ar-

tists. There was one who had never mingled in these scenes, never shared either their honors or disgrace, but who heard, in his solitude, the names of the competitors, and acquainted himself with all their merits, and all their faults. He had hoped, at this day's festival, to have carried a triumphant evidence of the painter's skill, which for the present, at least, should have carried the palm entirely from the rival artists. But the painting was incomplete. None would have known it but a painter, and all would have admired it, but the proud artist would never let it go.

"Boy!" said he, sternly, "was Montinello crowned this day?"

"No one was crowned. The jealousies were so strong, the candidates for the prize so nearly equal in their merit, that no crown was given; but the statue of Montinello was more admired than aught else. If the painters had been more kindly tempered, I think he would have received the wreath at the festival."

Again the painter's brow grew dark. With hands trembling from weakness and agitation, he raised a huge portfolio. "Boy," said he, "I have noticed this day, that almost all your drawings have been delineations of the human form; and to-day you have followed in the train of Montinello. You were not born to be a sculptor!"

"You have let me do as I pleased, and so I have always done what was easiest."

"And you delight more in tracing sketches like these than in more complicated drawings?" returned the painter.

"I can learn to do any thing, if you will but teach me," replied the boy.

"I have done wrong in leaving you so entirely to yourself," said his father again; "and now it is too late; but, hear me:

"I believe that when I was a child I was thought to see nothing, to hear nothing, and to know nothing, but those, who believed this, were sadly deceived in me. It is true that I was a stranger to the outward earth. But, oh, there was a beautiful world within me. I have vainly endeavored, in my later life, to portray some of the bright visions which then haunted me. I never looked upon the material creation as others gaze upon it. If my eyes wandered over a landscape its striking beauties were as a slight scaffolding upon which I built a far more beautiful scene. If my glance fell upon a beautiful face, or elegant form, it was as a magic spell, and beings of surpassing loveliness danced together in groups before me.

"My early life was spent in a sequestered vale, farther than this from those cities which are the receptacles of riches, elegance, and artistic treasures. There was a peasant girl in that vale, who was the only being in whom were realized my ideas of feminine gentleness and beauty. She was the only one to whom I dared confide my hopes, my thoughts, and my visionary joys. While all around her believed that I was a fool or maniac, she looked up to me, as to a being formed for some high destiny. Dearly as I loved her, there was that I loved better. I had heard, in my seclusion, of those masterpieces of art, which bring the stranger from many distant lands to our bright clime. I left my native vale, and wandered afar to splendid cities. My eyes drank in their beauty, but were never satiated. I was pleased with what I saw, but never overwhelmed with joy; for had I not seen, ere this, the shadows of beauties far exceeding these? I went back to my native vale, and there I saw again the only mortal being towards whom my thoughts had ever turned. In communion with her I travelled the journeys once again, but I yearned to see those

treasures which had been rifled from us, and carried to distant lands. I left my native vale again, and wandered, friendless and alone, over mountains and seas. I was too poor, too humble, to attract the notice of the despot's minions, or those of the robber, so I travelled, unimpeded, till I had seen them all. Then I returned to my home again—to her who was its only attraction.

“We were both poor, both friendless, and both destitute of the abilities requisite to obtain a competence. But we must both live or die. If we lived, why not enjoy life together? and thus more than double its bliss; or, if we died, why not die together? and thus deprive death of its bitterest sting. We were married; and life to me was now a brighter dream than it had ever been before. For fame I now lived, and for this *she* lived in me. But in vain I endeavored to realize upon canvass the beauties which glowed before me by night and by day—the pictures, painted in hues of unearthly brightness upon the chambers of my soul. I studied the rules of my art, and then again I tried; but the hand was not equal to the head: in execution my paintings were all so far below the conception that I destroyed them in disgust. There were a very few allowed to see them, who professed to admire them; but how I despised their praises. There was one who never approved—who sat by me, and listened to my glowing description, until she too could see that of which the picture was but the rough draughting. Then she stimulated me with hopes of better success, and, inspired by her, I tried again to embody my dreams.

“After we had wandered from my native vale, my name was never disclosed to any with whom I might reside. I was resolved that it should never be revealed until encircled by the halo of fame. My efforts were becoming more successful. I was most sanguine in my hopes, when my spirit was crushed by an unexpected blow. Your mother was taken from me, and our two youngest babes were buried in her grave. They died of neglect, of want, of hunger and thirst. I had never supplied them with the common comforts of life. While she had strength she had found all. How, I know not; but by exertions which killed her, and which I had never known. As long as food was laid regularly before me, and a couch awaited me at night, I never thought of any want of theirs. It was because she concealed it from me; but I should have thought of her, provided for her, and thus I might have saved her. Those, who sympathized with the dreamy aspirant for fame—the proud unknown, who hoped to give one more name to those which already “light our history’s blazoned line,” or it may be those who pitied the wife of a half-crazed painter, sent us anonymous donations, and I never considered that these might not be sufficient for our support. But she died happy—hopeful for me, and the glorious name I should yet confer upon my child, and forgiving of all my errors—no, not forgiving—for she would never allow that there was aught to forgive. Then for years I was a constant mourner over her grave; and after that, for your sake, my boy, and for her memory, I roused myself again. Of my efforts, my disappointments, and then my hopes, you have known.

“I had dreamed wildly of to-day, but I was doomed to a last disappointment, and now I am ready to die. With you I leave the secret of our name. It is in your power to make it a glorious one. But oh, my boy, let it be enrolled with those who have emblazoned my beloved art; let it be as the noble painter—the Italian, worthy of Italy, the home of beauty.

Five years from to-day there will be another festival, another trial of the artists. Let there be a painting worthy of the day, of Italy, and of us. I shall be dead; but with me shall not die all the experience I have gained. I will teach you much in a short time—only promise me that you will be a painter.”

“But how shall I live?” asked the boy.

“Whether it came from angels or fiends, I know not, and have never cared, but I have had gold sent me, sufficient for my scanty wants. To-night, as I came to the lattice, I found a larger purse than had ever been sent me before. I give it to you.”

The boy, at that instant, remembered that he had told more than was prudent of his father’s secret, though not his name, to Montinello, and immediately conjectured that at least this gift was from him. But he remembered the frown with which his father always heard the sculptor’s name, and, respecting his weakness, he was silent.

“Promise me, my son, that you will not seek Montinello—that you will never be a sculptor—that you will be a *painter*!”

There was a struggle in the breast of the generous boy; but he looked upon the pale cheek, attenuated form, and hollow eye of his dying parent, and then he knelt down and took the vow.

To be Continued.

THE FROZEN FAIRY.

A BAND of fairies, making a flying tour by moonlight, came suddenly upon the borders of a northern forest. Alternate storms of snow and rain had fallen, and left the trees enrobed in garments of virgin whiteness. The full moon, shining brilliantly upon the thick branches, and casting slanting shadows through the dim aisles of the wood, festooned with icicles and paved with gems of frost, made the scene one of dazzling splendor. The fairies folded their rainbow-colored wings, and gazed in mute wonder, for never had they beheld aught so gorgeous. But when the night-blast swept over them, they shuddered, and bethought them of the warmer light of their own bright halls.

As they were departing, one of the fairest of the band came and bowed low before the queen, murmuring, “A boon!”

“What wilt thou?” said the fairy-sovereign, touching the suppliant with her tiny sceptre.

“O! let me dwell in this beautiful place, gracious queen!” was the request.

“Foolish one! wouldst thou forsake thy sisters for this cold, glittering land? Then be it so! Farewell!” And they sped lightly down the valley.

The fairy, rejoicing in her new and splendid lot, danced gaily under the gleaming forest-roof, and sang many a rich carol among the boughs which arched over her like a jewelled canopy. The snow-spirits listened with admiration to her song, as it rang clear and sweet through the wood.

But long ere the moon waned, her voice faltered, and her step became languid. She had forgotten that her fragile form was made for a sunnier

clime, and might not bear the chill air which pervaded all about her. Slowly she yielded to the piercing cold, and at last sank benumbed upon a snow-wreath. O! how she longed to nestle in the arms of one of her sisters, amid the silvery fountains and perennial flowers of her own loved and lovely fairy-land. The snow-spirits, in their spangled robes, gathered about her, but their voices were strange, and their breath fell like ice upon her cheek. The stars looked down upon her with a cold, distant glance. Flashes of radiance shot ever and anon athwart the sky above her, seeming to mock her agony. All about her was glorious as the land of dreams: but what was its brightness to her? Faintly arose the last cry of the fairy: "Sisters!—O, sisters! take me home!—I am freezing!"

Humble, yet gifted one! sigh not to leave the fond hearts which encircle thee in thy lowly home! Pine not for a dwelling-place in that "land of mysterious gleams," the wide and shining land of Fame. Many are the souls whose warm affections have been congealed by its frigid air. Its splendor is wondrous, but delusive as the glittering ice-forest, for all above, around, and beneath, is cold—freezing cold! ROTHÄ.

FRIENDSHIP.

How dear a gem is Friendship. It sweetens the bitter cup, and smooths the thorny path of life. How pleasing the idea, how animating the thought, that we have *friends*. How much to be prized is a true friend in whom we may always confide.

But some may ask, who are my friends, and how may I know them? Let me ask, how did the man, that fell among thieves, know which was his friend? You would readily answer, *The Samaritan*; because he showed mercy.

A true friend, whose heart is drawn out in sympathy for those around, who is ready to speak a word of consolation to the afflicted, and whose hand is ready to administer relief without expecting recompense, is to be prized above the sparkling gems of earth.

But a false friend is more to be dreaded than an avowed enemy; for we know the design of an enemy is to injure, but a false friend is like a serpent coiled in the grass, lying in ambush for its prey, and its unhappy victim is ensnared before he is aware that danger is near. Some will be our friends while prosperity blooms along our pathway; then all goes on pleasantly and harmoniously; but when adversity, with its chilly blast, sweeps away the flowers of prosperity, and naught but the leafless stock, the recollection of the past, remains, then we look around for our friends. Alas! they are gone!—yes, gone when we most needed them.

But, to obtain true friends, we have a part to act; we must show ourselves friendly to our acquaintances and friends, and those with whom we associate. Most of us are strangers, from different parts of the country, in a city of strangers; and the majority of us are of the unfortunate class. Bright was our childhood's future, for then prosperity and happiness encircled our families, but misfortune overtakes us, our worldly prospects are blighted; then we feel that exertion is to be made on our part, and thither we resort to this manufacturing city.

Many of us have had our family circles broken by the impartial hand of death. We have seen a kind father, an indulgent mother, or both, consigned to the silent grave. Many of us have received the unwelcome tidings of the death of parents and friends. Unwelcome to us indeed. It is while perusing the pages of the fatal letter which bore the message, that our hearts are ready to burst with grief. Painful thought! that we had not the privilege of standing by their couch of pain, and administering to their various wants, or of hearing their farewell advice, nor of seeing the last flicker of the lamp of life as it was gently extinguished by the hand of death. Then how alleviating to the afflicted soul it is, to have a friend that will sympathize with us in our deep affliction, and with kind and consoling words pour in the oil and wine into the bruised heart. Again, if any thing transpires, to add happiness to the contented mind, how brightly that spark will kindle when shared with a true and faithful friend.

“Our joys, when extended, will always increase;
Our griefs, when divided, are hushed into peace.”

Under considerations like these, ought we not to show ourselves friendly to all? If we meet with a stranger, treat that stranger kindly, for we know not what secret sorrow is his. We little know what painful emotions are throbbing in his bosom. A mild word, or friendly look, or some little act of kindness, may be the means of alleviating much heart-felt sorrow. I do not ask for friends that cannot see my faults and failings, nor only see the bright side of the picture, but friends that can see when I am wrong as well as right, and, as a friend, tell me of it, and reprove when necessary. Yes, friends whose friendship is like the ivy, that entwines itself around the forest oak: the winds may shake it, the storms may beat upon it, but it remains firm. The storm only serves to entwine it more closely. Give me a few such friends: I ask no others. S. J. H.

NEW YEAR.

THERE are many reflections connected with the expression “new year.” When the year has passed, and we commence a new one, our memories are recalled to many past scenes. With heart-felt emotion, we think of the friends in whose society we have spent many happy hours, who, since the commencement of the past year, have bid adieu to all earthly things. We reflect upon the many changes that have taken place around us, which we little think of as they take place. We can look back to our childhood, when we viewed that portion of time called a year as of great length. We were animated with the thought, that when one year was gone, we should be one year older, consequently nearer some certain age, which we had fixed in our minds, and that would constitute us members of society. But as our time passes on, our attention is taken by many passing objects, our minds become engrossed by the cares of the world, and our time passes rapidly on, though we little heed its flight. Under these considerations we ought to improve our time as it passes, for we have no means of judging the future, but by the past, which teaches that time is ever quickly passing, consequently we should work while the day lasts. T.

THE THUNDER STORM.

It was a pleasant afternoon in June. The air was soft, the sky serene, and little Charles Manley was at play in the orchard, not far from his father's door, with his hoop, his rocking horse, and a score of other playthings, which had been presented him by his father and others, for Charles was a favorite with all who knew him. This orchard was a favorite retreat with him. The trees were so arranged that there was a large space between them well shaded, and that made a very pretty play-ground for Charley. He had been enjoying himself for a little while when he suddenly dropped his playthings, and listened with breathless attention for a moment, and then, gathering them up, he hastened to the house.

"Why, my son," said his mother, "what brings you in so soon? I did not call you."

"I know you did not call me, mother," he replied, "but the robin was singing on the walnut-tree, and I was afraid to stay any longer."

"Were you afraid of the pretty robins, Charles, that you so much admire when they are hopping along the green?"

"No, mother, I was not afraid of the robin; but did you not tell father, the other day, that you had noticed for several times that a robin had sung on the walnut-tree before a thunder storm, and it was the thunder I was afraid of, for I heard the distant rumbling, and—There, mother!" he exclaimed, "did you see the lightning?" and he clung trembling to his mother's side.

"I think there will be a heavy shower, my son; but you must not be afraid of it, for the air needs cleansing, and your Heavenly FATHER sends the thunder to cleanse and purify it: otherwise, the air would become impure, and our healths would suffer in consequence, and not only our healths but the vegetables, and your pretty flowers that you love so dearly. We have had no rain for some days, and they have suffered for want of it."

"I have watered them every day," said Charles.

"Yes, I know you have, but you will see a vast difference in them after this shower is over; for, when you wet them it does not penetrate to the roots, and that is necessary to enliven the whole stalk and flowers."

Mrs. Manley knew that her little son was exceedingly afraid of thunder, and she thus drew his attention in part to his flowers; she then put into his hand a history of flowers, and bade him read to her. He had been reading a few minutes, when his father came and sat by the window. Soon there came a heavy clap of thunder, with very sharp lightning, and prostrated a beautiful elm, not far from the house. Charles's book fell from his hand, and he was almost paralyzed with fear. Soon, however, the storm cleared up, the sun shone with tenfold splendor, and his father told him he had quite a treat for him, for he had ordered his carriage to go and meet his sister Mary, and her babe, as they were expected home on a visit, for a few weeks. Charles was very fond of his sister, and little nephew, and he was all impatience to meet them.

We will now draw our scribbling to a close, for the joy of meeting is over, and the hundredth question is asked, and the babe has had its share of attention from little uncle Charley; and he has retired to bed to arise with the sun, and commence his daily task of usefulness and amusement.

And now we think it high time to quit calling him little Charles, for he is a man grown, and a very intelligent one too; but he has not yet got over his dread of a thunder storm.

ELIZABETH.

SORROWS OF SENSIBILITY.

Oh! why was feeling's finer sense
To a weak mortal given?
When at each step in life's dull path,
Some quivering chord is riven.
The soul's deep-gushing sympathy,
Meets no response on earth,
And dreams of Nature's inner life
Are rudely crushed at birth.

I wandered late, oppressed and sad,
Into a lonely wood,
Where only Zephyr's gentle sighs
Disturbed the solitude.
Methought some hidden dryad lay
Where gorgeous leaves were strewed.
The trembling foliage fell: I gazed,
And forth there hopped a toad!

Oh! wearily I turned me then
And sought the mighty sea.
What solemn music thence arose!—
The sea-nymphs called to me!
I spread my arms in eager haste,
And murmured, "Here I am!"
A faint death-shriek I heard; I slipped;
I'd trod upon a clam!

A form ethereal crossed my path—
A lovely cherub child;
Her lips were wreathed with sunny smiles;
Her glance was brightly mild.
I said, "Fair child; come! view with me
Yon glorious sunset sky!"
"*I can't: for mammy said she'd have
At tea, some pumpkin pie!*"

I wandered where a stranger stood
With earnest heavenward gaze;
As if some mystic vision lay
Beneath the horizon's haze.
His eagle eye met mine; he spoke;
I stood entranced and dumb:
"*It's gwine to rain like sixty, gal!
You'd better dig for home!*"

Ah me! ah me! where shall I fly
Congenial scenes to find?
I cannot waken sympathy
With grovelling human-kind.
Bah! what an onion-odored gale!
And Sue, with greasy hand,
Screams, "*Pork for dinner!*"—Let me go
And dwell in fairy land!

NYMPHEA.

UNCLE PETER;

OR, REMINISCENCES OF MY CHILDHOOD.

EVERY body in the good town of L—— knew Uncle Peter, and regarded him with the utmost respect, mingled with feelings of the deepest commiseration; and indeed, he was a man worthy of our solicitous consideration and unfeigned good will. He was so aged, so poor, and yet so happy and contented with the allotments of Providence, that it seemed as though he had verily imbibed the spirit of St. Paul, and “learned, in whatsoever state he was, therewith to be content.” Passing few are they who can adopt this language in its full import. When suffering under the burden of those misfortunes, from which none are exempt, whether they are casual or otherwise, we are prone to forget the lesson our FATHER in Heaven would inculcate, and imagine ourselves of all beings the most miserable. Are we doomed to unremitting toil, to gain the necessities of life? We look to him who reposes supinely in the sunshine of affluence and prosperity, and regard his external circumstances as the elements of true happiness. We forget that he who dwells in a palace “of Parian porticoes and roofs of gold,” may have a canker at the heart, corroding the tenderest fibres of life, which is not the less painful because concealed by the trappings of wealth. But I see I am getting to be quite too sentimental for my story, so I will abandon this point forthwith, and resume my narrative.

Uncle Peter was one who ever seemed to look upon the sunny side of things, and, like a true mirror, his pure nature reflected their brightness. He was an old man when I was a little mischievous girl. He was not my uncle by consanguinity, but every body called him “*Uncle*,” because he was such a congenial spirit, so bland, so conciliating, so cheerful, and so every thing that is lovable, that he seemed like a very uncle by kith and kin. He possessed an overflowing fountain of good humor, a keen perception of the ludicrous, an excellent talent at repartee, and, superadded to these, his faculty for telling long stories, and singing songs, which all combined, gave him an admirable passport into society, especially scenes of merry-making.

Being of a very social make, his palmiest hours were spent in company. There he could exercise his habits of observation, tell stories, sing songs, and enjoy the merry laugh to his heart’s content. I remember when I was a little shaver, how old veterans of the neighborhood, who wore spectacles and carried canes, would come to our house, and spend long winter evenings in the bar-room with travellers who had “put up” with us for the night, and tell

“Of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field,
Of hair-breadth ‘scapes i’ the imminent deadly breach,
Of being taken by the insolent foe,”

in the revolutionary struggle for independence. Some told of being in the battle of Bunker Hill; some had retreated with Washington across the dangerous icebergs of the Delaware, and marched through sleet and mist to Trenton, where the signal achievement took place of capturing

the sleepy-headed Hessians. Others had been at the taking of Ticonderoga and Crown Point, and all dilated upon the hardships, the privations, the dangers, and the triumphs which they had witnessed, with a soul-stirring enthusiasm that I never expect to see equalled again. Then Uncle Peter would reel off "the *beatemist* long yarns," (to use an expression of his own,) that you ever heard. He had been in the service of his country from the first engagement at Lexington to the disbanding of the United States army at West Point. I wish I could remember half of the sieges he was in. The great and decisive conquest gained at Yorktown over Cornwallis was one, and that of Bunker Hill another. He belonged to the second division of the American army, despatched by Washington, under the command of Arnold, for the bold enterprise of taking Quebec, in conjunction with the forces of the ill-fated Montgomery. To hear him expatiate upon the sufferings of the soldiers—the toilsome hardship of digging trenches, constructing immense works, and patrolling hills through the long dreary nights of a Canadian winter, was truly affecting. The subsequent treachery of Arnold was a theme upon which he would dwell with evident regret. He was an eye-witness of the execution of Andre, who fell a victim to his policy, and the rigorous usages of war. "Andre," said he, "in going to the place of execution, passed close by his newly excavated grave. After he had ascended the platform, he composedly took off his hat, placed it on the coffin, put the halter about his neck, and said, 'Let it known to posterity that I die like a brave man.'"

When he (Uncle P.) had ended his harangue, perchance a lusty traveller, a real Vermonter, would knock the ashes from his pipe, and lay it on the mantle-piece, cough, spit and hitch in his chair, then give his bushy head an earnest scratch with both hands, as if to wake up the wonder-exciting organs, and commence his by relating some awful rencounter with bears, wildcats, or wolverines, which would outgeneral Putnam in the wild-beast war by considerable. And perhaps he was a son, a nephew, or cousin, to one of the "Green Mountain Boys," who fought so like "*sarpents*" at the battle of Bennington, and that would have to be duly canvassed and discussed. My father had never been introduced into the kingdom of heroic adventures, therefore had no exploits of which to tell; moreover, he was not a good story-teller, in the common acceptation of the term, but he had an excellent faculty for spicing the entertainments with exclamations like the following—"I do declare," "Can it be possible," "Oh! that beats the Dutch," &c., when any thing wonderful was broached. The evening services were generally concluded by Uncle Peter's singing that capital song, the "*American Taxation*." This way of spending evenings may not appear to come within the limits of strict propriety, but it should be remembered that country people are gregarious in their habits, and meeting together for social hilarity in public places, even if they had "hard cider," or a "reaming mug of flip," was then in perfect keeping with the spirit of the times. Worthy church members, and gray-headed deacons frequented the bar-rooms and village stores without censure, provided, however, they would go home without "getting off the track." The temperance cause was then in its incipient state, and had gained very few or no advocates in the country towns and remote hamlets of New Hampshire.

The good matrons, who sighed away the tardy midnight hours for an intemperate bosom lord, or sons who drained the inebriating bowl, would

have turned with contempt from the "tee-total" pledge, had it been presented them, and called it a scheme, conjured up by designing demagogues, to wheedle the citizens of a free country out of their individual liberties. They no doubt were sincere in their views; but, mark the change; a brighter and more benignant day has dawned upon the homes of New England, ushered in by the Washingtonian star; and many an incredulous mother yet lives to rejoice over the restored prodigals of her household, and to bless God that she ever signed the Temperance pledge. But this is not getting along with my story, so I will make a retrograde movement, and bring up the "right wing" of my forces, in the shape of my redoubtable hero, Uncle Peter.

As I have before said, he was an old man, yet the storms of seventy or eighty winters had not extinguished the fire of his intellect, or chilled the ardency of a prolific imagination. What though he wore the rusty raiment of the veriest hind, and earned his daily bread by the most abject drudgery, are these untoward circumstances aught to him who looks within the casket for the jewel? and has not the benevolent heart an alchemy to detect the spirit's gold from the baser metal wherever it may be found? Beneath that rude and dilapidated exterior reposed an intellect which might perchance, under favorable circumstances, have made the world glow with the emanation of human greatness. "Worth makes the man," is as true now as it was in the days of Alexander Pope; but the gentleman, the hero, the scholar, and the promoter of the public weal, are brought forth by circumstances. But I must hold on to the button-hole of my hero, or he will get away from me again.

Like John Rogers, in the primer, Uncle Peter had a wife and nine responsibilities in the shape of children. His better half was a score or two younger than himself—consequently thought herself a score or two better, as women generally do when that is the case, not excepting Governor Wentworth's notable spouse; moreover, she was a notorious termagant. If being smart for work was the only orthodox criterion of superiority, we should all have awarded her the palm, for, like the heroine celebrated in one of Uncle Peter's songs, she could "rock the cradle with her foot, and spin a pound of tow," and scold incessantly in the bargain. He was no great lover of home, and would have been an unpardonable absentee had it been otherwise than it was. But, considering the contingencies of the case, no one thought to censure him for his roving habits. Whenever he did go home, "to see his young barbarians all at play," his rib of evil commenced her cannonading as soon as he entered the dwelling, because the meal he had brought was not ground fine enough, or the apples were not sour enough, or were too sour, or some such trivial thing. Now no more of her, but of him.

Uncle Peter was the most interesting chronicler of the past I ever met with. He could hold a bevy of youngers in almost breathless and absorbing silence for hours by telling stories. His mind was indeed an inexhaustible storehouse of antiquarian wealth. He had such an immensity of stories to tell about ghosts, witches, goblins, haunted houses, &c., &c., that we might almost suppose he could date his identity among the antediluvians. And then there was his vocabulary of songs, which was equally as comprehensive as that of story-telling, and these, too, were all of the olden time. I should be loth to name half of them. Call them *Legion*, for they were, like the items of an auctioneer's advertisement, too numer-

ous to mention. His being such a prodigy for singing songs was what gave him the greatest charm with me. He taught me to sing two or three dozen, or such a trifle, when I was quite a child. He could also spell the "bumble-bee-with-his-tail-cut-off," without missing a letter. This always looked to me like a great feat to accomplish. Poor old fellow! he took a world of pains to have me initiated into the performance of the complicated affair. He would take a piece of chalk, and write it down in bold letters over the kitchen mantel-piece, then place two chairs opposite, seat himself in one, and me in the other, and then commence, after telling me to begin with him: "A—there's your a—b-o-m, bom—there's your bom, and there's your abom," &c., &c.; but the novelty of a spelling-school of this kind so overcame my organs of gravity that I was incompetent to the task.

Rainy days Uncle Peter used to shell corn in the long kitchen. Then was a favorite time for me to learn songs, and listen to his stories with open-eared delight. In those days I was very fond of the marvellous—(I think if Mr. Fowler had seen me then he would have marked me more than two on that precious organ)—consequently I liked to hear such songs as "*The Ship Carpenter*," "*Major's Only Son*," "*The Nightingale*," and others of similar import. But the song of all songs to my mind, was the "*American Taxation*." It "used to wake me o' mornings, season my porridge at noon, and sing me to sleep o' nights." It was as long as the Irishman's mile, and the most spirit-stirring thing I ever heard. In the performance of this, Uncle Peter seemed to be the very incarnation of music, sent down from the upper regions to bless the beings of earth. When he came to that part of the song where the "subtle arch combiners addressed the British court" with regard to the wealth and splendor of Columbia's matchless clime, his eyes would kindle up with a patriotic and exultant pride, such as I have never seen equalled in the favored child of Fortune, notwithstanding he was a very step-child of Providence in point of wealth—one doomed, by imperious fate, to wander from door to door, and have no spot on earth to call his own. How aptly has our own exquisite Irving said, there is nothing in the world so magnificent as the imagination of a beggar. The invincible lords of Great Britain, with all their flowers of oratory, could never portray a scene of splendor to an assembled parliament in half such glowing colors, as that the brush of Uncle Peter's fancy delineated upon the canvass of mind for him to glory in.

Like a true poet, he always increased in vigor as he advanced, and when he got to that part of the song where the Americans rise in the strength of their might to repel the invasion, he would rise involuntarily from his seat, raise both hands, his eyes dilated with enthusiasm, and thus increasing in spirit till he had finished it, when he would sink back into his chair, as if overcome with the electrifying effect of his own singing. Take a sample of this good old song.

"We never will come under; O! George we do not fear
The rattling of your thunder, nor lightning of your spear;
Though rebels you declare us, we're strangers to dismay,
Therefore you cannot scare us in North America.

To what you have commanded we never will consent,
Although your troops are landed upon the continent;
We'll take both swords and muskets, and march in bold array
And drive the British rustics from North America.

We have a bold commander, who fears nor sword nor gun,
A second Alexander, whose name is WASHINGTON;
His men are all collected, and ready for the fray,
To fight they are directed for North America.

We've Warren, Green, and Putnam, who manage in the field
A gallant train of footmen, who'd rather die than yield;
A noble band of heroes, trained in the martial way,
For to augment our forces in North America.

We surely were your betters, hard by the Brandywine;
We led *him* fast in fetters, whose name was John Burgoyne;
We'll make your Howes to tremble with terror and dismay,
True heroes we resemble, in North America," &c.

"*Perry's Victory*," and "*General Wolf at the Surrender of Quebec*," were songs which he used to sing with a good deal of spirit. "*Sweet Phebe*" was a sweet thing, and a great favorite with the young craft of the neighborhood, though it seemed to me to want more of the tragical at the end of it, and I had modesty enough to set myself about completing it. The substance of the song is this: a young man returns from sea to claim the hand of his affianced bride, but finds, to his eternal sorrow, that she has long since slept that sleep from which there is no waking. So he, to kill time, instead of killing himself, goes about "sighing like a furnace with a woful ballad," and concludes his "woful ballad" by wishing after this fashion—

"I wish I never had come on shore,
But died where raging billows roar,
Or never had seen my native shore,
Since fortune proved so cruel," &c.

Now this wishing is a poor hand to play in the game of love on all occasions, for there never is an ace, face, or trump, in a cartload of wishes. A "faint heart never won a fair lady" is as true as the book. But to the purpose. I thought to be a *real* hero of romance, a *bona fide* lover, in cases of emergency one must be willing to do some desperate deed, such as dashing his brains out against a rock, or jumping off a precipice into a gutter, so I made it end as follows:

'I will not live to toil for pelf,
But get a rope and hang myself,
Or take the razor from the shelf,
And gash from ear to ear.

Or else, from off the mainyard sweep,
I'll take one last and fatal leap,
Head foremost in the briny deep,
To dwell forevermore.

And now he's gone, we will suppose,
To Abraham's bosom to repose,
Forever and for aye, with those
Who perish broken hearted.'

There was another song Uncle Peter was called upon to sing, at all scenes of merry-making, in which the hero manifested a different, and we Yankees thought, a better kind of mettle than the one in the foregoing. This young man, it seems, laid siege to the darling of his day-long dreams with the pertinacity of an ancient battering-ram. He talked of wealth untold, of houses and lands, of graineries filled to the brim, but found her

still impregnable to all the assaults of Cupid's warfare. She would not capitulate on any condition whatever, so he concluded to draw off his forces, and raise the siege; no doubt by raising himself from a kneeling position, while he gave vent to the following invectives.

"Madam, I think you're very proud,
And very hard to please;
When you grow old and pinched with cold,
I'm sure I hope you'll freeze."

Uncle Peter, I believe, was a native of Connecticut, of wooden-nutmeg notoriety. I may be mistaken about this; however, he was conversant with the "blue laws," and could relate many a ludicrous incident concerning them, in minute detail, by giving time, line, verse, section, dash, dot and comma to the end of the chapter. He could also sing a song illustrative of the same, about a—

"Presbyterian cat, that went to seek her prey,
And chased a mouse all round the house, upon a sabbath-day."

The song goes on to tell how awfully incensed the deacon was with puss for her unchristian-like behavior, and, furthermore, how he resolved, "in the name of the LORD," to have the purring reprobate executed the following morning; so—

"When Monday morning came, poor puss then she was slain,
And hung upon an apple-tree, while the deacon said the psalm."

Perhaps it would be well enough to append the closing verse, as it is a solemn admonition to all wicked mouse-catchers.

"Come all ye Presbyterian cats, think on poor pussy's fate,
Repent of all your evil deeds, before it is too late:
Before it is too late—before it is too late:
Repent of all your evil deeds, before it is too late."

I fear my article is getting to be too long, and my dear reader will be impatient to find an end, so I will leave out half I intended to tell you, and hurry to the close. I might go on to an indefinite length of time, narrating "incidents of adventure" associated with the memory of my redoubtable hero—scenes long since gone "to the dim burial isles of the past," but will content myself with giving it to you materially abridged. The way Uncle Peter taught my young ideas how to shoot, was much more agreeable to my feelings than to be mewed up in a country school-room the livelong day. He was too old to do any very laborious work, but, when the weather was fine, he would go to the field to pick rocks, apples, potatoes, "spread hay," or "cut stalks," or any such work. I was his constant shadow, even if I had to play truant to be so, conscious that I should have a "smart trimming" in the sequel.

Since the time to which I have referred, "that dear old home, where memory fondly clings," has passed into the hands of strangers, beneath the remorseless hammer of the auctioneer. A few years since, I visited the dear old homestead of so much girlhood felicity. As I ascended an adjacent hill, from which I could see the house, what a rush of tender feelings came twining themselves about my heart. My mind involuntarily reverted to the merry-making scenes, the tea parties, the quilting matches, the apple-cut frolics, and kindred associations, once enjoyed beneath that

venerable roof. Change had been at work there with a busy hand. The house had received an additional coat of white paint, and the tall poplars, that nodded their green heads so courteously above it, were hewn down. The old stable that stood opposite, with its projecting gable end brooding over the street, as if to woo the weary team to repose, was taken away, and a spacious flower-garden occupied its place. The barn only remained as we left it a few years previous. Other out-buildings had undergone a change—some had wheeled to the right, some to the left, and some were taken away. It seemed as if the present owner had been studying to see how much change and improvement he could bring about; yet to me it looked far less beautiful, for the sole reason that I could not associate the feeling of home with so much that had no place in the treasure-house of affectionate remembrance. Some things greeted my view as with the smile of old familiar friends. The hill, on which the mansion stood, rose from its surroundings with the same majestic appearance, and the little hurrying brook, that sparkles along at its base, on the east, sent up the same tinkling bell-like music, that I had so often listened to from my chamber window in the still summer moonlit evenings. The intervale, or “great meadow,” that stretched away in the back-ground almost as far as the eye could reach, bounded by the waving forest, and still farther on, the gray old mountains, that reared their bold summits against the blue horizon—all looked as they did when I was a child. There was the green field, gradually descending to the south, where I had gathered buttercups and strawberries in the sweet sunshine of girlhood and summer. Farther up to the west was the pasture, with its maple copses and rude rocks, which I had so often clambered for isinglass; and still onward were the woods, where I picked hemlock for my mother’s brooms, and embosomed within that deep shade, the green dingle where bloomed the London-pride, the foxglove, the columbine and the graceful climatis.

The neighbor’s house, at which I stopped, was in the immediate vicinity, and where I could have a full view of the localities of my childhood home. “Indeed,” thought I, as I looked forth from the chamber window one pleasant morning, “was there ever a place so enchantingly picturesque and lovely? Oh, that they had let the building and trees remain as they were when we left them, what a satisfaction it would be to gaze at them!”

My visit, for the most part, was a pleasant one, though my heart was sad to see the inroads Time and Death had made among my former associates. Some were married, and settled down to the sober realities of life, and it seemed as though they had indeed got the advance of me in years, while I found my companions among those much younger than myself. Others had gone to the far West, and some had taken a longer journey, to that “bourne whence no traveller returns.” They pointed me to their grassy mounds, in the rear of the old church, where I had so often seen them on the sabbath, dressed in the habiliments of gaiety and fashion.

I inquired for Uncle Peter, and they told me that he too was dead. O, how these words thrilled through the tenderest susceptibilities of my life, and echoed through the secret chambers of my soul in the silent watches of midnight. That voice, which once the “soul of music shed,” came back to my heart like “the remembered tones of a mute lyre,” and, though his “countenance was changed and rent away,” he was pictured to my mind’s eye as distinctly as though he still stood before me—a tangible living and breathing *Uncle Peter*.
M. R. G.

TRUTH'S PILGRIMAGE.

CHAPTER VI.

It is generally argued, that the press is the lever to move the moral world—the engine to give the impulse to true principles, or the besom for their destruction. The truth or fallacy of these propositions we will not discuss, but such were the arguments which had induced Truth to accept his editorial dignity; and it was with acknowledgments to the Source, from whence he looked both for his blessings and chastisements, that he seated himself to communicate the principles, which actuated his own being, to mankind through the columns of the “ADVOCATE OF TRUTH.”

The benevolence of the gentleman to whom his English patron had introduced him, had assisted him to start his paper, and then both himself and that were consigned to public patronage. They were assured both of the praiseworthiness of his intentions, and the superiority of his talents, and could not but anticipate for the enterprise unbounded success; but Truth's ideas of success and those of his friends differed, according to the genius of the source from which each had received his “first impressions.” His patrons estimated his prospects by dollars and cents, and as the means of securing his personal independence: while he, imbued with that spirit of benevolence which giveth, but asketh not, thought of his exertions only as the means to elevate the natures and increase the happiness of mankind.

The first number of the “Advocate of Truth” sold rapidly. It was something new, and all gaped to see it. Truth was delighted at the interest which the sale evinced. He knew that he told no new things: he only sought to enforce the truths of inspiration home to each heart, and, by his exertions, hoped to accomplish much towards his mission in earth.

The morning after publication, he was interrupted by the entrance of a gentleman. The stranger was tall and lean, with a sallow cadaverous countenance. He was dressed in a suit of rusty black, with a white cravat wound round his neck, like a bandage round a wounded finger. In his hand he carried a glazed travelling cap, and his pockets were stuffed to suffocation with “unpublished manuscripts.”

“Your servant, Mr. Smith,” said he, addressing Truth, and placing a card with his name upon the table. “Allow me, sir, to express the supreme satisfaction which I feel, in meeting with a man who dares stand forth in this benighted age and advocate the cause of truth.”

Poor Truth arose, and stood gazing, with speechless wonder, and could only interrupt the volubility of his visitor with a stammering “Thank you, sir.”

“In this era,” continued the stranger, without stopping to notice Truth's feeble expression of gratitude, “every thing has its advocate, but simple primeval *truth*. Every phase in political chicanery finds its advocate, and every theory of religion has its teachers and supporters. In this era, no matter how wild, or how much at variance with the dictates of reason and common sense, every theory of religion, philosophy and politics is sustained by advocates and believers. You, sir, have started upon the original plan first taught by our Great Master; and to you, sir, I extend my hearty co-operation and warmest sympathy. Sir, humble as I am, my

name is not unknown to the world ;" and he pointed to the card upon the table. Perceiving that Truth's countenance indicated surprise and inquiry, not recognition, he continued, "I am the author of several treatises designed to elevate mankind to their original purity, by bringing them back to the primeval method of living. In fine, sir, it is my theory, (and I believe that I am correct, and can substantiate it by incontrovertible proof,) that all sin and evil arises from our kitchens. The garden of Eden had no kitchen, sir, and that was the last place in which perfect purity stood upon earth."

"You forget, sir," interrupted Truth, "that since the creation, there has been *one* accounted free from all sin."

"But, sir," interrupted the stranger in return, "he was a God—I mean that no mere mortal has been free from sin since the transgression of our first parents ; and from this fact the hypothesis arises, that prepared food is the whole cause of human wretchedness. The spontaneous productions of the earth, and the waters of the spring, were destined for man as well as for the lower animals. And, sir, wherever we find any race approaching nearer to the original intention of their CREATOR, there we find the greatest virtue."

"Nebuchadnezzar, then, was a model of virtue ; but I thought that his feeding in common with the lower animals, was a judgment, instead of a reward," exclaimed a new visitor, who had entered the open door unperceived by Truth or his first guest.

"There are fruits, roots and grains for man," rejoined the first visitor, without noticing, in his earnestness to defend his theory, the rudeness of the interruption : "all lower animals do not feed upon grass. I was saying, sir, that our kitchens were the source of evil—"

"Bah !" interrupted the other, "then make them into parlors."

"Parlors !" rejoined the first speaker with contempt. "The evil generates in the kitchen to ripen into maturity in the parlor."

"Well, then," continued the last guest in a tone of ridicule, "turn both kitchen and parlor into a common keeping-room, for, by your theory, our architects are to blame for all our sins by their subdivisions of our houses."

"It is not the name of the place," rejoined the first visitor with dignity, "which creates the evil : it is the use, sir, to which it is appropriated. The kitchen, with its utensils, pampers the appetite ; while the parlor, with its fixtures, enervates the body. The offspring of the two is luxury, and luxury is the germ of vice. You gratify your palate with high-seasoned dishes, and then seek your ease on cushions of down ; and corrupt selfishness is the result."

"But *you* surely, sir," remarked the last comer in a tone of marked irony, as he scanned his opponent from head to foot, "have not learned depravity from luxury ?"

"No, thank God," replied the other devoutly ; "a crust of bread and cup of water give me a feast that for relish kings might envy."

"Bread !" rejoined the scoffer, "that smells of the kitchen : to live up to your theory, you must eat your grain as it comes from the field ! Pshaw ! don't make war upon my beefsteak until you return to the fodder of those allied to you in more respects than their *long ears* !"

"Sir ! do you mean to insult me ?" rejoined the granivorous philosopher, quivering with rage. "I appeal to you, sir, for protection," he continued, addressing Truth.

Poor Truth, in his simplicity, had remained a silent and amazed spectator of the conduct of his visitor; but, when appealed to, he rose.

"Gentlemen," said he, "the matter of your disagreement is to me as inexplicable as your visits were unexpected. Allow me to thank you, sir," he continued, addressing the first comer, "for your approval and sympathy. The merits of your particular theory I do not understand; and my time is too much occupied with other duties to permit me to investigate your peculiar method of preparing edibles. I would repeat my gratitude for your approbation of my enterprise; and—my time must be my apology—but I must wish you good morning."

"Am I to be dismissed thus unceremoniously?" exclaimed the anticulinary man. "Why, sir, I came to make your fortune: I have manuscripts here, prepared for the press," he continued, unloading his pockets, "which, independent of the good they will cause to progressive humanity—"

"You forget, sir," interrupted his ironical opposer—"you mean retrograde humanity: your labors are not to advance improvement, but to push the world back to an imitation of Adam and Eve, when they were nothing but a great boy and girl in Paradise, about a week old!"

The philanthropist resolutely turned his back upon his tormentor.

"I was about saying, when interrupted with unparalleled rudeness," he continued, addressing Truth, "that independent of the good to be anticipated from the new light which my views will give the world, that, from their indisputable excellence, they will be worth their weight in gold to the publisher. (To be sure, I shall claim the merit of the authorship.) But I was so anxious for your success, I had decided to let you have them for a mere nothing. Here is my 'Treatise upon the succulent properties of Potatoes and Turnips' before their nutritive qualities are destroyed by the process of cooking; and here is an Essay, showing the comparative ratio of virtue between those countries which have not learned to destroy their bodies and souls by pampering their appetites, and those which have arrived at the highest point of the evil. The facts have been compiled at great expense from the most authentic sources; in truth, it may be relied upon as a text-book. You may have it, sir, for seventy-five dollars—it is worth five hundred; and the Treatise you may have for fifty. Of course, in thus sacrificing my own profits, I shall anticipate being retained as one of your principal contributors." He paused for breath and a reply.

"My dear sir," answered Truth, "I could not think of retaining your articles at less than their real value to you; and I have not five hundred dollars to pay for them. Deeply as I may regret not being able to give them to the world, yet justice will compel me to decline entering into a negotiation about them. But some one may be found who can and will pay you their actual worth."

"Actual worth!" exclaimed the last comer, with a loud burst of merriment. "Actual worth!—why that is as much as a wisp of straw to light a fire with, and nothing more, I assure you. Come, Mr. Vegetable, I have endeavored to drive you off, but now I will beg you to go, as I have some very especial business with Mr. Smith."

"Mr. Smith," resumed his first guest, without noticing the other, "I will see you again, when I can explain my wishes to you without interruption. And now, good morning. I regret, as much as yourself, the ungentlemanly interruption which we have had this morning: be assured of my sympathy and services;" and he shook Truth warmly by the hand and departed.

Truth turned to his last visitor: "And now, sir," said he, "permit me to inquire your commands?"

"None—nothing, Mr. Smith," returned his guest. "I was standing opposite, and saw that outrageous bore enter; and, as you did not kick him out instantly, I supposed that you were a stranger to his long winds, and so I came in to send him off."

"You have a singular way of managing your kind acts," rejoined Truth, "and for what am I indebted for your interest?"

"For nothing," returned the strange visitor. "I don't care one fig for all the modern philanthropists heaped together. I came in for the express purpose of abusing that old straight-faced fanatic: not that I cared any thing for you, but I would pity a dog who had to endure his company."

Truth regarded his present companion with as marked surprise as he had listened to the cant of the other.

His guest remarked the expression, and throwing himself into a chair, with a laugh exclaimed, "I see that you do not know what to make of me, Mr. Smith; but no matter, I did not care any thing about you; but I perceive that you are most deeply verdant, and I may as well give you my advice now as to come again. You have started a paper—what do you propose to accomplish by it?"

"My motives and aims are sufficiently set forth in my prospectus to be understood, I believe," replied Truth.

"And you are sincere in your professed desire to elevate mankind nearer to the standard of gospel equality?—you would teach them that less selfishness and more love would contribute to their own enjoyment?" continued his interrogator.

"Certainly, sir," returned Truth, "I am not wont to say one thing and mean another."

"No hopes of self-aggrandizement, or pecuniary emolument were woven in your web of philanthropy?"

"My only mission in earth is, to seek the best good of man, and to strive to convince him that the duties of life, are its pleasures," rejoined Truth, in a tone which admitted of no cavil of his sincerity. "And to what influence my aims might have upon my individual benefit, I have never given one thought."

"You must be an angel, or a crazy man!" exclaimed his companion. "Sane men, or devils, would have had more wit! You may 'Advocate Truth' in a neutral paper, devoted to no party, or sect, until you are gray, and receive your exertions for your reward. We, Americans, have two prominent objects for our aims—amusement, or money. A neutral paper will be supported, if it amuses; but, instruction in duties we are not disposed to regard as amusement. That we hand over to our clergy; and whatever they approve is supported by those who believe the same doctrines. Our religionists all assume that they have discovered *the* truth, and only seek to sustain it by stronger arguments, and proofs of their own peculiar views. In the warfare of party politics, it is the same; and if, occasionally, you find an individual who belongs to no party nor church, he is but a target for all the rest to shoot at. And newspapers are much like men. Or, if they do not abuse you, also, they have no sympathy for you—you do not belong to their sheep-pen!"

"But your clergymen feel an interest in the promulgation of truth?" interrupted Truth.

"Certainly," replied the other—"of *their* truths, not of yours, or mine."

"My truths do not clash with the truths from whence they draw their instruction."

"But each one draws his pitcher of water from his own side of the well," rejoined the stranger; "and I will assert that you cannot find a clergyman in this city who will recognize all your truths as genuine, unless you belong to *his* church; and those who believe as he has taught them will continue to do so, for aught that the 'Advocate of Truth' can accomplish."

"But you mistake my intentions," returned Truth; "I have no disposition to war upon the truth taught by any man. My aim is, to help all thus engaged—to add my exertions to the general cause, and seek to advance whatsoever may be for man's good."

"If you can help all who profess to be engaged in the work of Christianity and philanthropy, you must be a Proteus in opinions. Beside, there is another horn to the dilemma—those who recognize you as an assistant, will expect you to *abuse* their opponents."

"But I came not to abuse any one," interrupted Truth. "I advocate 'love of our neighbor as ourselves' as one of the first principles—in fact, the great Truth in earth."

"Well," rejoined the strange visitor, "of this you may be assured, that if you do not make the paper pungent by the abuse of somebody, or some theory, or sprightly with wit, nonsense or novelty, you will do better to discontinue it as soon as possible—why, your second number will not sell if the public is to be drugged by the old worn-out common-place principles which you profess to advocate. They all know that, and what they want most is—something new."

"But you mistake," interrupted Truth—"I am not seeking to make money, but to advance humanity."

"Pshaw!" returned the other. "But, to accomplish what *you* seek, you want your paper to be read, don't you?"

Truth assented by the inclination of his head.

"Well, then," resumed the stranger, "publish it if you will, but you may give it away, and a dozen good old ladies perhaps may look it over, but that will be the extent of your readers—that is, if you are determined to go upon your prosy plan."

"I shall not adopt another," remarked Truth. "But who are you, who are so caustic upon every thing?"

"One," replied the stranger, in a bitter tone, "who was once as great a fool as yourself; one, who once deemed the principles of love, justice and truth consonant; one, who then sought 'to do as he would be done by,' and loved his kind, thinking them as disinterested as himself; but one, who now has learned the folly of all such old-fashioned notions, by finding that *individual* instances of *natural* philanthropy are regarded as decided cases of lunacy. Good may be done, but the 'march of improvement' has decided that it can only be accomplished by associated action; consequently, this relieves individual responsibility, and a man may be all that is evil, provided he belongs to some good society. Not having this indispensable certificate for successful roguery, some deem me insane, some call me eccentric (which usually means one cut off from human sympathy)—but, after all, I am very much like the rest of mankind—perhaps from bad keeping, I have, like good wine from the same cause, turned a

little sour before my time ; and now, when the world would crush out all my natural impulses and feelings by their worldly selfishness and intellectual saleratus, perhaps I give them a taste of the vinegar of my composition. But this is nothing—my early impulses were to do good, but still I had no particular inclination to martyrdom ; and it is an old saying, and there is truth and beauty of expression in it, that ‘the world have ever crucified their redeemers.’ And it would be a more possible task, with more prospect of receiving the gratitude of the world, to redeem an island, sunk a hundred fathoms below the ocean’s surface, from its darksome grave, than to redeem mankind from the graves of their prejudices and injustice. Your task is useless : you may sacrifice yourself, but you will not accomplish one tittle of what you hope.”

“You certainly give me poor encouragement,” said Truth, as the other paused for breath. “But if nothing is attempted, nothing can be accomplished ; and I will hope that my efforts may help sustain some, perhaps weary and faint, in the great truths which I would enforce.”

“But you never will do this with your paper,” interrupted Truth’s self-elected counsellor ; “that is destined to be short lived. You belong to no clique : and what belongs to nobody, no one will nourish and sustain.”

“I and my efforts belong to all, instead of one sect,” interrupted Truth, with a smile ; “and, by your own logic, I shall receive the countenance of those whose interests I advocate.”

“Worse ! and worse !” rejoined the other, “what belongs to every body, none care for ; and by common consent, common property goes to ruin by common neglect, and this you will find *common sense*.”

“It partakes something of the ‘common-place principles’ of which you warned me but a few moments ago,” replied Truth, unable to repress a smile at his visitor’s whimsicality.

“There is not an urchin that runs the street,” rejoined the visitor, half-petulantly, “but would laugh at your simplicity. You have talents, knowledge, learning, sense, and a resolute will, but you know nothing of ‘human nature,’ nothing of the world : every villain who could wear a smooth face might impose upon you ; you are too honest and straight forward for an editor ; you never can succeed, for I see that you never will succumb to the world’s preconceived opinions and established customs ; and, in return, that will give you neglect, or abuse. Why, I don’t believe that you even imagine a tithe of an editor’s expected duties.”

“Perhaps, you can give me the information,” responded Truth, both amused and annoyed at his lecturer’s frankness.

“Let me see,” resumed the guest, thoughtfully ; “a half-a-day would not suffice to enumerate an editor’s responsibilities. He is expected to know every thing ; to tell all that he knows, and more too ; to read every thing—letters, communications, books and papers ; to publish every thing, although, if his sheet was as large as a continent, it could not contain one-half ; to sustain always his side of any question that may arise with all truth, honor and honesty, and give his opponent the advantage of all facts, and then come off victorious, even when he has to support the wrong side of the argument ; and then he must see every body, hear all their theories—(you have had a specimen this morning)—be courteous to every one, although he may wish his intruder at the sources of the Nile ; and always be ready with copy when the printers call for it. And then he is expected, like the chameleon, to live upon air, and consider the honor of

his office as a sufficient emolument; and with this salary to keep dressed like a gentleman, and to have money to incur any expense by which he can gain any information that will gratify his readers. In fact, an editor is regarded as a kind of patented walking and speaking dictionary, dedicated exclusively to public benefit. But—"pardon me, sir," and he hastily looked at his watch—"I promised my imp some copy at this hour—you, and your enterprise will make a capital paragraph. Adieu." And he departed, with a comical look, as abruptly as he had entered.

The "Evening Gazette" appeared with a notice of Truth and his enterprise, headed "A New Discovery!" and read thus: "To-day, in following the wake of one whom we have our eye upon, we stumbled upon an honest man! (which *our* readers will readily understand is but an *alias* for simpleton!) and who really believes that he can do mankind good by teaching them that kindness and love are imperative Christian duties! and that, in the exercise of these, there is that equality which belong to them as their 'inalienable right!' that 'the ways of peace are the ways of pleasantness;' and that that 'charity which thinketh no evil,' is the first germ of excellence! His experiment will dispel his delusion. But the question with us is, where did the man come from? Has he escaped from a mad-house, or is he only a candidate for one? His doctrine, we remember, was taught some eighteen hundred years ago, but a thousand new theories have been broached since then, which, from their general acceptance, we had supposed superior. To be sure, sometimes, in our pulpits, we have heard the same theory advanced, but even there we will quite as often hear denunciation of others, as the truths of love and charity enforced. And as we regard our clergy, in general, without reference to any sect, as a learned, pious and conscientious body—those disposed to teach the doctrines that they are paid for expounding—we shall suppose that the views to which the ADVOCATE OF TRUTH is devoted, are far behind the age, and not consonant with the new ideas discovered within the long period of eighteen hundred years. Now intellect has the precedent of goodness, and wealth has more power than both. These are admitted truths in modern philosophy, and the majority cannot decide wrong. Public opinion is a sure criterion of right and justice, and we always subscribe to its decisions.

We, also, have a predilection for novelties, and cannot but wish the editor of the Advocate all success; but it requires no gift of prophecy to foresee his failure. Mankind are ahead of him. 'ONWARD!' is the watchword of the day, and who can spend time to go back to old truths and theories?"

The editor of the "Evening Gazette" was no prophet, but his predictions of the fate of poor Truth were verified to the letter. The "Advocate of Truth" did not reach its third number.

We give an unusual portion of *Truth* to our readers this month. We regret it on account of the uncommon length of one or two other articles, thus precluding the variety we like to present them. But, we knew not where to divide the chapter; and, as nothing was published last month, we hoped all would be pleased with a double portion in this number.—Ed.

EDITORIAL.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE OF THE MASSACHUSETTS LEGISLATURE UPON THE HOURS OF LABOR. We have just received a copy of this document, and will improve the short space allowed us here to make a few remarks upon it, though we should like to say a great deal.

It appears that the petitioners to the Legislature for a reduction of labor hours are but a very small proportion of the whole number of laborers; and yet we are surprised that they effected nothing. Their aim was to introduce the "Ten-Hour System." This could not have been expected in the present state of things; but might not an arrangement have been made which would have shown some respect to the petitioners, and a regard for the ease and comfort of the operatives.

It seems to have been generally conceded, that the time allotted to meals is very short—where the operatives have tolerable appetites: and this is usually the case with persons who *work so regularly* and indefatigably. Why not have compromised then with the petitioners, and allowed them one hour for dinner through the year, and three-quarters of an hour for breakfast? The dinner *hour* is given in some manufacturing places, therefore the plea with regard to competition is not unanswerable. We believe also that LOWELL is expected to take the lead in all improvements of this nature, and, should she amend her present system, it is more probable that she would be imitated than successfully contended against.

The testimony of the petitioners is full; and, with the addition of that of a few others, appears complete. But a wrong impression might be received from some of their statements. As, for instance, in the remarks of the first witness—"There is always a large number of girls at the gate, wishing to get in before the bell rings." This is frequently spoken of as evidence of a general desire to work even more hours than at present. It is not generally known how much the feeling of emulation is appealed to among the operatives. The desire to be "the smartest girl in the room," or among the smartest, and to get off so many "*sets*" or "*pieces*" often stimulates to exertions which no love of money would ever prompt. One girl goes to the mill, and waits until the gate is opened, that she may rush in first, and have her machine oiled and cleaned, and ready to start the moment the works are put in motion; not so much because she wishes for the few additional cents, which she will thus obtain, as because she is ambitious to have her name at the head of the list. The rest follow her—either in hopes of successful competition, or of ranking next in order. It is more on account of these girls that the meal hours should be prolonged, than of those who are behind them in time and "*honors*." And yet a word or two should be spoken in their behalf. They feel that they are unable to work all these hours, and "work upon the stretch," as they say. They are older, or weaker, or more heavily moulded, or unwilling, if not unable. Therefore they are not favorites with their overseer. They are not so "profitable servants," and the kind look and word, or obliging act, is not so often bestowed upon them. This is one instance where the testimony is liable to misconstruction, and had we space, we might find many more.

The LEGISLATURE seem to have doubted the propriety of their commencing action upon this subject. Where should it commence? How is it to be done? When, where, and by whom? All, connected with manufacturing establishments, feel confident that, "as surely as there is benevolence and justice in the heart of man," this wrong will be righted. But objections are brought against every movement. Of late the efforts of the dissatisfied operatives have been of a quiet nature. This petition to the Legislature is both proper and dignified. Picknicks, if *conducted with propriety*, would be unobjectionable, as demonstrations of public sentiment. Conventions, as affording opportunity for a free expression of opinion, should also be favored; notwithstanding there may be much bombast and rhodomontade, with a little injustice and demagoguism.

No effort originating among a promiscuous number of laborers, and conducted wholly by them, can be expected to be free from every imputation. So far we should be gratified that the dissatisfied and "despised" have conducted so quietly and well.

H. F.